KINS FINE
BATTLE
IN BOU
SKINHEADS IN
SEASIDE RI
GANGS RAMPAGE AFRONT.
38 HELD
THIRTY EIGHT SK
ARRESTED AFTER RI
BOURNEMOUTH YESTERDAY
J.C.
V.R.
CHARGED!
ISSUE 5
BOURNEMOU
"85"
REVENGE
NEW SKINHEAD
STORY
PART ONE
RAC
EAST
HAM
100 SKINS
TURNED
AWAY
PRIDE
OF THE
LION
SECTION
5
SKREWDRIVER
PART 2
INDECENT
EXPOSURE
PLU
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Mor
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Chargesheet

SPECIAL NOTICE

Please do not send cash through the post, because we now have a bank account. make all P.O./Cheques payable to...
CHARGESHEET!
Cheers OI! OI!.

Right OI! OI! and welcome to issue 5 of Chargesheet, excuse the delay in bringing this issue out, but we'Ve hit a finacial bad patch, and this issue will be the make or break of Chargesheet.

Hopefully we'll pull through, and if we do there's another problem to get over, which is I'm due to appear in court on the 2nd of August as the old bill in Bournemouth have decided to try and implicate me in a riot down there. (Full report on this -'bournemouth 57)

Item 2: Thanks to Micky and Margret at the Last resort for SELLING so skinzine for us. Margret would also like us to mention,'that no matter what, she'll always have a smile for you, as she's a happy and full of the joys of spring all the year round'- yer we can do that for you Margret.

Item 3: we would like to personally apologise to Vicious rumours and the die-hards for not getting the chance to play in Bournemouth. Although this was down to the pigs, we feel bad that you lads went all that way and didn't get the chance to play.

Chargesheet Tapes (live gigs) are advalible from the zine's address.

Item 4: GORD JACK tapes has a new expanded Vidio tapes list with some real good stuff advalible for the first time.

Fanzines update:

Beyond the... (issue 4 ?)

Benny has beaten the curse of the gremlins in the printing, and this copy is by far the best ever from beyond the...

Contents includes- The oppressed, the rotterdam skin festival, Red london, the 4-skins, Tolbiac's toads(France), The body-checks (Germany), Snix-(France), Condemn 84, Brutal Attack, Indecent exposure, Singles review Albums and Fanzines- Over-all one of the best if not the best value for money in the skinzine market. 25p & S.A.E. from Beyond the..., 43 Townend, Presteigne, Powys, Wales.

Englands Glory No I 40p & S.A.E. /No.2 OUT NOW!!

I am extremely impressed with the quality of print and the lay-out of the zine. It is very proffessional in it's approach. This fanzine tends to deal with the Nationalist side of oi, more than anything, but it should appeal to a cross-market of skins just as easily. Inside are - Skrewdriver, Indecent Exposure, The Voltinees, an article on the new punishment block organization, Condemned 84 and lots of snippets here and there!

40p & S.A.E. from 96 Eustace Cres,
Wokingham
Berks
RG II Ipu

VERY SPECIAL THANX TO JOHN.C(VICIOUS RUMOURS) FOR DOING THE FRONT COVER DESIGN OF OUR ZINE.

Chargesheet presents, the Naked truth of Indecent Exposure

INDECENT EXPOSURE ARE: Steve Reeve - Vocals
Sedge Swotton - Drums
Tom Brennan - Bass & backing
Graham Bacon - Lead & Backing

The band started back in December of '83, at that time the line-up was different, in so much as- Tom at that time was on Lead guitar while a geezer called Colin Wright was on Bass. After a few practises it was obvious that Colin was holding the rest of the band back, He was kicked out, and Graham Bacon was enroled as lead guitarist, when they found out he was quite handy with the old strings. With the line-up complete Indecent Exposure have gone from strength to strength.

With a good sense of business, Indecent Exposure are fast becoming a top name band. In the space of a year and a half they have come from nowhere and achieved more than most other bands dream of. With gigs in Holland Record and Tapes out, Recording deals in the bag. It is just reward for the effort they've put into the band. Where most bands say wouldn't it be nice if

PRIDE OF THE LION

PRIDE OF THE LION ARE: Mick-Vocals Gordon-Bass
Ian-DRUMS Dunken-Lead

Pride of the lion are the latest oi! band to emerge from the depths of south-east London, an area which has produced some of the finest oi bands both past and present. I only have to mention a few names and you'll know this is true- 4-skins, Conads, Vicious Rumours, Die-hards ect. ect.

The band was formed to the end of '84, beginning of '85. When the now members of Pride of the lion were discussing the pro's and cons of forming a band, during a drinking session at a Woolwich boozer. Being game the idea stuck and Pride of the Lion was born. They practise on a regular basis at the local youth club, as this is a cheap location for this sort of thing. Gig wise they recently made an appearance at the Chargesheet promotions gig in Bournemouth, others up and coming include a gig with the rumours in London and a slot at the R.A.C. festival coming up in Norfolk.

I myself have been helping them get started by supplying them with a whole bunch of lyrics, some of which are part of their present set which although limited, is being added to everytime they practise.

We hope to carry further reports on Pride of the lion's progress so stay tuned for further news.

OI! OI! CHART TIME! SKINS

SEND US YER PICK!

Nick's Pick

1) British Justice- the Ovaltinees
2) White power - Skrewdriver
3) Orders of the day e.p.-Combat 84
4) Violence in our minds- Last resort tape
5) England belongs to me-Cock sparrer
6) One law for them- 4-skins
7) Back with a bang- Skrewdriver
8) Rapist E.P.-Combat 84
9) England-Angelic upstarts
10) Matter of time-indecent exposure

Apes

SCALE- ~ it sucks/~~ fair/~~~ good/~~~~ very good/ ~~~~~ exceptional.

Indecent Exposure 9 track's tape.

Since I bought the single, I've been lent a copy of the tape. and believe you, me it's a very good tape, well worth buying. I'd even go as far as to say- It's one of the best tapes I've heard in a long time, for me the best numbers are 'The fool' & 'England my England'.
Indecent Exposure are one of the better bands, which are coming through as the new generation of oi! There seems to be more pride in the music being played now adays, and the way the bands put themselves across. It's a lot better than the Bang, bash & shouting, that was oi! for awhile. To give you an idea of the sort of bands that are pioneering the new pride in what they're doing, here's my short-list 'The die-hards', 'Brutal Attack', Condemned 84, Section 5, Vicious rumours, Indecent Exposure although there are lot's more these are the one's that come to mind first.

Rating ~~~ PAYO

The more I hear of Indecent Exposure, the more convinced I am that they are the new-'Last Resort'. When the Last Resort packed it in, they left a vacent crown, that it looked like no one could fill. That is untill now, in my estimation Indecent Exposure fill the title not as a Pale imatation of the best skinhead band ever, but as a band who are going the right way about being better. I'll tip Indecent Exposure as becoming the Number one skinhead band in the United kingdom. The tape is brilliant, well worth purchasing. It includes favourites England my England, Bank Holiday, Riots, Save the nation, Matter of time, Rich man, the fool, get out & a very unusaul version of the rejects 'Shitter'. If you buy this tape listen to the lone guitar strain prior to Bank Holiday getting under way, does it sound slightly familiar to 'Is this me, is this you ?' see what you think ?

Rating ~~~~ Grogger

Section 5- Look to the future.

- tracks including -it's our day, I want more, let's have some action & top of the pops.

It's our day- sounds more like a dance floor number, than an actaul recording number. I can imaging skins and punks raving it up to this one at a Section 5 gig.
I Want More - This is more like it, the guitar and rythem pump a good sense of timing into this song.
Let's have some action- 'Everybody says there's no where to go/when there is you don't wanna know/combat jacket or spikey hair/you've gotta fight to get somewhere, a nice start to what strikes me as an audience anthem , a good sing-a-long number all round.
Top of the pops: I like the setiment, as that tv program bores me shitless too.

Rating- ~~~ Grogger

ENGLAND'S GLORY NO2 OUT NOW! OUT NOW! OUT NOW!
... PUBLIC ENEMY, OPPRESSED, URBAN SOLDIERS + LOTS MORE
Cop - SAE. GET IT TODAY. ADDRESS AT FRONT PAGE...

BOURNMOUTH

THE MIRROR, Monday, May 27, 1985

GIRLS LEAD PUNK ARMY IN RAMPAGE

Riot hits seaside town

ALAN GORDON

[illegible] of skinheads egged on by girl friends [illegible] a seaside [illegible] into a battle [illegible] smashed up [illegible] the centre of [illegible] late on Monday night and [illegible] holidaymakers [illegible] screamed as [illegible] were pelted with [illegible] broken [illegible] missiles and [illegible] of glass.

[illegible] climax to the terrifying attack came [illegible] a 25 barrister was [illegible] landlord [illegible] said: "We [illegible] the girls for [illegible] the girls cus-[illegible].

[illegible] men and [illegible] were being held in police cells. They will appear in court today.

Coachloads of their friends were ordered out of town by police chiefs.

Squad cars escorted the coaches across Dorset and Hampshire to the outskirts of London.

The riots started in the Triangle area in the town centre when pubs refused to admit the youths and their girls.

Soon afterwards they laid siege to one pub, hurling missiles through its windows as screaming holidaymakers took cover.

Many of the skinheads were thought to come from the Bexleyheath area of London.

At GREAT YARMOUTH, Norfolk, 30 arrests were made during an invasion by 7,000 scooter riders.

Consisted of ;
VICIOUS RUMOURS
DIE - HARDS
BRUTAL ATTACK
BELSEN HORRORS
PRIDE OV THE LIQN

Bournmouth was the story of the gig that nearly was the best one of the year.

Two coachloads of skinheads left London at an early hour on Satur - day the 25th of May, one from North London and the other from South-East London. The coach was all loaded up and ready to set off round about 8 o'clock. After three pick ups, and a battle to load countless sheets of hard board into the back of the coach, to hopefully build a stage.

Spirits were good, including the on ones that the Belverdere rennes were knocking back by the bottle. As the coaches left from different parts of London I had arranged for us to meet up at Fleet motor port, a massive complex just North of the Guildford turn off. We got there about half past ten and amused ourselves with the little pots of tea that they charged the earth for. Eventually the North London coach turned up. Once they had answered the call of nature, we were to convoy the rest of the way to Bournmouth. But Unknown to us as we left, there coach was boxed [illegible] they spent a while trying to get themselves out.

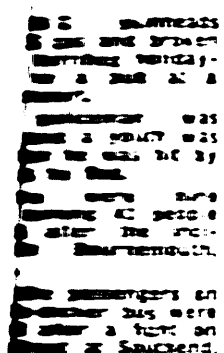
Despite traffic jams for about eight miles and umpteen rest stops, we reached Bourn-[illegible] at the targeted time of twelve-thirty. The punters wre loaded off at the [illegible] Arms in Bournmouth triagle. When we got there, the Pembroke, our first Problem [illegible] in the form of a double-booking. Between me and Paxo, we managed to straighten [illegible] out, and the other band graciously backed out and let us have the night. While the bands set up, I went down to the Victoria and had a few words with the local skins.

Problem number two came in the form of no speaker units to plug the amps into, so [illegible] Bot of the "DIE?HARDS" sat by the phone with the yellow pages in one hand and the phone in the other, to try and hire one from somewhere. One joker wanted £150 deposit before he would entertain the idea of hiring us an amp out. In the end a hire [illegible] near Bournmouth college came to our rescue at a reasonable price. At this time [illegible] the arrival of the second coach, Bournmouth was looking like the prelude to a [illegible] bank holiday. The skinheads numbered close on a hundred and fifty, with more [illegible] up every hour. Some had made their own way from places like Crawley, Feltham [illegible] Aldershot etc.

Although we missed it there had been a flare-up down the sea front. As we arrived to [illegible] Julie Wilko and a Bournmouth skin getting pulled into the back of a pig van. Apparently a black soulboy, had knocked Julie's camera out of her hand, for singing [illegible] the boat comes in. This ended with Maz with a sore nose and the blacks two mates [illegible] off and him with half his ear ripped off.

cont.....

HEADS AS RIOT



The time spent on the beach was pretty uneventful, except for the ganging up on each other as skinheads were thrown into the sea.

At six o'clock it was time to slide off and sort out the sound checks. That went pretty well.

The gig started round about 7 o'clock, the first band to go on was "Pride ov the Lion. Things weren't going to well on the door. A guest list of some sort, had gone missing and quite a few people were getting in for nothing. Things went from bad to worse, with most of us being pissed as newts, we (Paxo and Grogger) had a bit of a dissagreement, and we were both jumped on and taken into different parts of the hall to cool us off. But within a few minutes we were both mates again.

This bit of our story is Grogger's side of what happened to him. A little bit later Phil Swan (Die-Hards) came in off the street with his face and throat slashed. Tempers were running high, and rumours were running fast. I went back into the hall and Belsen Horrors were just going through their last number. I discovered that John Mundy and his girlfriend were missing. In the light of what had happened to Swan, I went out on the street to look for [illegible] despite looking in all the immidiate pubs, he was nowhere in sight. Therer was [illegible] I could do, but hope he got back in one peice.

[illegible] Pembroke Arms, things were really looking up, Brutal Attack had things well [illegible], and they did a lot to releive crowd tension. They played well and a lot [illegible] skinheads gave blood on the dance floor.

[illegible] taking a lot of pictures, and some time between that and me going down to the [illegible] bar, a revenge squad went out and wrecked the Branksome Arms. The first thing [illegible] about it close on a hundred old bill were standing at the pub gates leading to [illegible] courtyard, and they were staring in. I went out to have a word not knowing what had [illegible]. But before I could speak some spastic had pointed and said, "he's one of 'em", [illegible] before I could say "leave it out" I was in the back of a transit swapping words [illegible].

[illegible] on, the old bill went nutty arresting everyone their star witness cared to [illegible]. It was like some sort of wierd magic show, all this geezer had to do was to [illegible] his finger and the skinheads dissapeared.

[illegible] was filled up in a matter of seconds and we was off to the cop shop. Inside [illegible] were a few skinheads in a holding cell, who had got there ahead of us, [illegible] holding cell was just inside the door, and it filled up almost as quickly as the [illegible] I had been in earlier. Some skinheads were mouthing with the coppers, but I had [illegible] used to the jibe they give you to get you worked up, and ignored the bait. The [illegible] everyone got really angry was when Sue and Duncan were bought in. Sue was in [illegible] a state and bleeding from a head wound. As we thought the old bill had done it we [illegible] to tear the old bill to peices, and one copper who told us to shut it, was told [illegible] in the cell and make us shut it. Wisely he decided to leave it.

[illegible] we were processed, and taken down to holding cells, where we had to sleep [illegible] floors without blankets. (Fucking cold it was too). Strummer was in the [illegible] down and he was taken to hospital for a suspected fractured skull, Swan had [illegible] for his cuts, as did a few other skinheads.

The dragged in the cells, and it was made worse for me Pip and Mike (?) by having a right whinning skinhead from southampton in with us. "Who went on all weekend about his bird who had no way of getting home, and did we think she would be waiting round his car. Course we said "yea, if she's fucking daft she will be!".

Witnesses were paraded past us at dinner time on sunday and one of them pointed me out which made me a bit sore, I can't understand geezers like that, I would never point anyone out, let alone someone who ain't involved. But still it takes all sorts.

Next on the entertaiment bill came the interview with the C.I.D. a right couple of crooks if ever I saw some, not so much intrested in inncoents or guilt as what will you plead guilty to ?

Cont....

[illegible] a lot of people to congregate, we included, as it were the favourite flavour of the month down there, and with A.B.H. as me solicitor they would go for remanded in custody if I didn't plead guilty to breach of behaviour. With a wife and kid to worry about there didn't seem like much I could do. And when they threaten to use the fact I was remanded to up-hold an affray charge if I didn't I agreed to it.

I had very little faith in justice for the innocent, and thought it better to face up to six months that up to four years.

The courts came round on monday morning and we were hauled up at different times, the bench was getting heavy with £350 - £500 fines being dished out left right and centre. I gave them a guilty when asked what I pleaded but when they tried to say I had lobbed an unkown object through the window of the pub I told them where to get off, and the bench reversed their decision to not guilty. So I've gotta face them again on 2nd of August. And I don't hold out much hope of an acquital.

The good thing came of the whole episode it gave Pride of the lion the opportunity to write 'Justice for the Bournemouth 57'.

Out of all the people arrested only five had anything to do with the affro that had sparked it all off!

Time to take up Paul's part of the story.....

As the Talker Hormons had finished their set, Brutal Attack were next to go on and played their full set which lasted about an hour, this is the first time I have seen them live and I think they are a shit hot band. Next on were the Die-Hards, halfway through their second number the pigs steamed in and tried to stop the gig. Confusion then started to take place as the pigs were trying to clear the hall and stop the Die-Hards from playing. I was told by a high up pig (Superintendent), that the coaches were outside and to clear up the gig and then to piss off out of Bournemouth. As people started to leave the pub's courtyard, they had to walk through a police section which had the landlord of the pub that was wrecked earlier and he was busy pointing people out at random, and they were getting nicked. As I was walking down the line of pigs with the p.a equipment, I was grabbed and told to put it down because I was nicked. With much protesting and verbal abuse, the cheif Inspecter came up and asked the landlord if I had been involved with the trouble, he said that he wasn't sure because we all look alike, the inspector replied with are you sure of it him, the landlord said I aint sure, so the inspecter then said bollocks and told me to go to the pigs that were holding me. With the coaches loaded up (half full) we set off for home with a massive police escort. After travelling for about half an hour the coach was forced to stop by the pigs, the driver was told to pull in at the motorway cafe, so that the other coach could catch up with us. Once at the cafe the pigs boarded the coach and said that if anyone wants a piss, the girls bogs are in the cafe and the were told to piss where they fuckin wanted. So most of us went about 10 foot away from the pigs vans and cars (4 vans and 3 cars),and pissed in their direction. I think that they went a bit over the top with their numbers as we had an escort all the way back to London and every time the coaches went into a new county's border new pigs took over the escort, apart from that the journey was pretty boring.

On waking up the next day my dad said that there was a write up on Bournemouth. I found the article very amusing, coz there was only about 150 of us there but in the paper it said 100's had rioted, well I dont no where the other 100's came from, perhaps they had been beamed down by Scottie of the startreck enterprize. Funny that innit.

Many thanx to everyone who turned up.

RECORD REVIEW

RECORD REVIEW is not just for records, if you have a band, and are selling a demo/ Cassette single whatever- send it to Chargesheet and we'll Run a review on it!

TROJAN RECORDS

20 Reggae Classics!

VARIOUS ARTISTS

TRLS 222

This album is a must for all skinheads who like the music adopted by the cult in the sixties and seventies, wheather like me you've been collecting the stuff for years, or you've recently started.

This album is a collection in itself, which will give a big boost to the range of any collection. The main aim of the album is to present the original version of songs that have been charted in recent years by such bands as- The Specials, Musical Youth, UB 40 The Clash & even Bony M.

The tracks are- Red red wine, Sweet sensation, Love of the common people, Johnny too bad, Pressure Drop, Liquidator, Skinhead Moonstomp Longshot kick de bucket, Please don't make me cry, Many rivers to cross, 007, Rudy a message to you, Version girl, Cherry oh baby, Pattie pattie, keep on moving, Time hard, Monkey man, Rivers of Babylon & Last train to skaville!

OVERALL: A comprehensive cross section of original recordings makes it well worth the four and a half quid 'Our price' are asking for it overall it isn't so much twenty reggae classics as Twenty skinhead classics.

OVERALL: eggeg Full marks!

ROUGH-JUSTICE!!!!

MY BROTHER AND COUSIN(JAKE & MARK), are both doing bird for defending themselves against three soulboys. After giving them a good bashing, they got nicked and ended up with 12 months between them. It so happened that one of the soulboys oldman is a very high up pig, no wonder the job got done. Asthe OVALTINEES song goes....

BRITISH JUSTICE THERE AINT NO FUCKING BRITISH JUSTICE !!!

A·H· SKINHEAD CLUB

FOR THE BEST IN Oi!,
"69" SKIN REGGAE, PUNK
ECT. £2 + BRING OWN DRINK
SUNDAY NIGHTS
49 GREEK ST, SoHo
LONDON.

[illegible] TAPES
[illegible] for a list
[illegible] sae to:
[illegible]

THE DIEHARDS & FRIENDS

[illegible] T-SHIRTS

[illegible] NOW IN SMALL/MEDIUM

[illegible] £2.50p P & P

DAVE BROSNAN
63 BELSON RD
WOOLWICH
LONDON
SE 18

Poem time

SKINHEAD GIRL

[illegible] that girl, isn't she great
[illegible] walk of beauty with the look

[illegible] and close cropped hair
[illegible] a lot in what she wears

[illegible] sweet little girl next door
[illegible] excitement and a whole lot more
[illegible] play anymore in the park
[illegible] till after dark

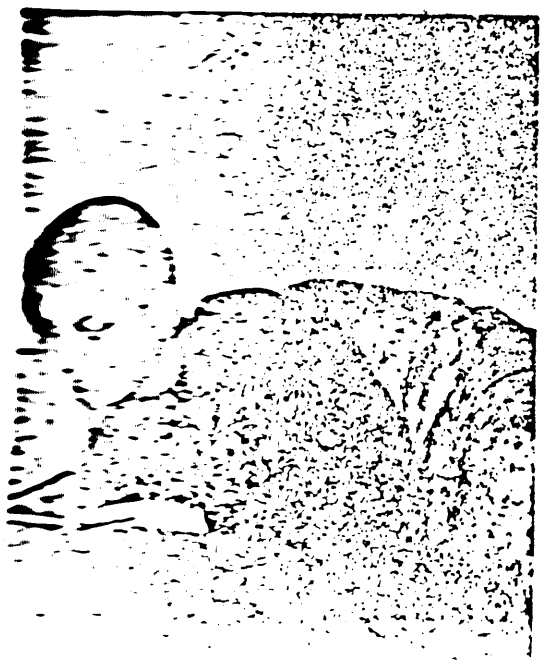
[illegible] with the lads, in with the crew
[illegible] a skin it's them or you
[illegible] lady ain't what she needs
[illegible] is the life she leads

[illegible] to the skirts her mother bought
[illegible] her threads from the last resort
[illegible] smart and sly, like a little fox
[illegible] footwear and ankle docs

[illegible] the attraction ? What's the thrill ?
[illegible] arguements would never kill
[illegible] father's stopped she's had her fill
[illegible] her daughter's a skinhead girl!

By Drogger
[illegible] appeared in 'Skins' 1982)

This page is dedicated to SKINHEAD GIRLS EVERYWHERE



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PURE OI!

BATTY SID TOSH

Section 5 are a [illegible] on Trent based band.

They formed about three and a half years ago, but first time around it was short lived because after 4 or 5 gigs, they split up.

It wasn't untill the summer of '83 that Section 5 started to get back together.

Then they reformed the line-up was- Dale Woods-Vocals/Tosh-guitar/Sid-Bass/Nicky Bennet-Drums. Of the new section 5 only Sid and Tosh were from the original band. Yet again things weren't destined to go well, and section 5 suffered another split.

It was round about this time that Tosh met a bloke called Mask, they decided on getting a band together, and with him in the line-up, Section 5 looked like getting somewhere (the line-up at this time was- Mask-Vocals/Tosh-guitar & Vocals/Sid-Bass/ Batty-Drums).

It was a fruitful relationship, although the line-up was to change within twelve months, they got further than ever before, and released their first tape-'15 tracks of pure oi!'. Which sold really well to all accounts.

Mask left the band, and the line-up is the remaining three members. although Tosh mentioned that they could do with a guitarist to strengthen the line-up. So if you can play guitar, and live in or around Stoke send a tape of yourself playing to Tosh, 34 vickers Rd, Chell heath, Stoke on Trent, Staffordshire, ST6-6NR.

As for the future, Section 5 are joining the Punishment Block organ-ization, along with the likes of- Intensive care/Indecent Exposure/ Skingraft/Vicious Rumours/Condemned 84 & Public Enemy. The organization is planning a festival for the member bands, in stoke on trent, through Section 5. Tape wise their being featured on compliation tapes from Bolton, Charlton and an American one.

GIGS- May 5th Bowler hat, Burslem, Classified Protest support/ 13th May Stars and stripes, Carlisle (A coach is running with a few seats spare-anyone intrested ring John on Congleton 275907) /(Unconfirmed) 29th May supporting UK SUBS at The Roller rink in Hanley.

Section 5 also have the '15 tracks of pure Oi! ' still advalible, it is advalible from the adress in the article, other tapes advalible as well.

[illegible]GESHEET PRESENTS

REVENGE Part 1

BY
Grogger

[illegible]ttle East showed none of the reverant respect called [illegible] of the church on the Lord's day of rest. The area [illegible] saw the vile crimes of Jack the Ripper, played [illegible] to London's biggest sunday market-Petticoat lane.

[illegible]ttle East not only attracted tourists and bargin-hunters, but it also [illegible]ttracted skinheads by the score. For situated in the heart of the mark-[illegible] was Goulstone street and a shop called the Last Resort. From there [illegible] favoured by the skinheads blared across the crowded street, while [illegible] chatted, or bought something essentail to their way of life, [illegible]hether it was a sheepskin coat or a mere pair of braces, the shop had [illegible]verything.

[illegible]side, the shop was just as packed as the Market, Skinheads stood or [illegible]ttled, and Mickey French was doing his best to be in three or four [illegible]aces at once, buisiness was pretty brisk , which kept the old cash [illegible] happy. Over by the window the padded bench in the bay was fully [illegible]ccupied, and two skinhead girls talked, oblivious of the staring [illegible]inhead who was trying to work out if it would be worth chatting [illegible]em up.

"[illegible] was it ?" one of the girls was saying. Her friend crossed her [illegible]egs, and answered with a beaming smile, "I'll say, it was really [illegible]eat, the Buisiness were as good as ever!" She noticed the skinhead [illegible]taring at them, and wanted to laugh, he looked a right gormless [illegible]wat!
"[illegible]sh I had gone now!" Her friend regretted having aceppted the baby [illegible]itting job now. "yea you missed out on a good night", Then deciding [illegible]o rub it in a bit, she added "Plenty of blokes there!"
"[illegible]ea ? Ad-libs alright then ?" her friend inquired.
"[illegible]ll say!" She ahswered with a knowing grin, that said a lot more than [illegible]er choice of words. Hello her mate thought, "what's that s'pose to [illegible]ean ?".
"[illegible]uess who hasn't been home yet ?" she had to try hard, to hold an [illegible]xpression of innocence on her face. Her friend sucked her lip in, [illegible]s if to say 'Disgusting!'.
"[illegible]hoese been a naughty girl then ?" she asked in a put on voice.
"[illegible] have!" The first girl answered in an even sillier voice.

[illegible]eyound the two talking girls, the skins outside were taking stock [illegible]f some new arrivals. Three skinheads and two skin birds, one of [illegible]hich was pushing a buggy, with a baby of about six months huddled [illegible]own in the blankets. The new arrivals were known to some of the

[illegible] who were standing around outside the shop. And two of the [illegible] stopped to talk, while the third skinhead and two birds entered the shop.

Mickey French looked up, saw them and waved, "Hello sweet stuff!" Carol smiled, that's what Micky always said when he saw her. "Alright" She called back, then bending down to baby Darren in the buggy, ""hoese that then ?" she coo-ed, pointing to Mickey.

Mickey walked round from behind the counter, he was suprised to see Carol's baby was so big, it was hard to picture him the last time he had seen him. Darren had been so tiny then. Mickey knelt down infront of the buggy and took the baby's hand, "Alright little man ?" The baby looked into his eyes and smiled, getting a grip on Mickey's finger, "Ain't he got big ?" Mickey exclaimed looking up to Carol.
"Yea that's cos he's a pig!" Carol explained. Joey was listening in, "That's not a nice thing to say!" Carol grinned,
"It's true" she said in her defence, "He's always scoffin since I got him started on the dried food!".
Joey looked down at Darren, "Say piss off mum, I'm not a pig!".
Darren smiled and gurgled back as he squirmed in his seat, he was loving the attention. "There you are 'e's telling you!" Joey exclaimed. Carol bent over the back of the buggy, and Darren looked up into her eyes. "Your not telling Mummy to piss off are you ?".

Wheather he was or not he was keeping a tight lip on it, he looked back at Mickey with eyes open wide, and gurgled happily to him. "Is that right ?..You don't say ?" Pretending to understand him brought a full flow of baby talk.

Standing up, Mickey nodded to himself, "Yea he ain't half got big-" then turning to Dave, the skinhead that had came in with Carol and her mate Michelle, "There's no stopping him, he'll soon be as big a villian as his dad!"

Carol put a stop to that, "No I won't let him! He's gonna act proper!"
"Sezs a lot for you mate!" Joey said to Dave.
"Yea what's wrong with me ?" He wanted to know. Carol held back a laugh, Dave looked so serious, "One like you's an handful, I ain't having another one the same!"
"Thanks alot!".

Just then a stranger butted in, he was decked out in alsorts of camera equiptment, "I hope you don't mind me butting in ?" He had impecable manners, "But could I take some photo's of you and the baby ?" All four of them looked at the photographer, Mickey wondered if the man was becoming a perminant fixture around here, he must have shot off about two reels of film. And still he didn't show any signs of packing up.
"What's it for ?", Dave asked, he never trusted people with manners, especially when he could sense they were being put on.
" It's for a daily newspaper, we're doing a series on teenagers all this week!"

"Did you hear that ?" Carol talked down to Darren, "Your gonna be famous," She turned to Dave, "You getting in on this and all ?"
"Join you in a minute!" It was his way of shrugging off the invitation. Carol knew about his Camera shy attitude and didn't push the point. ""here do you want us ?" She asked, lifting Darren from the buggy. "How about by the window ?" The photographer, pointed, Carol nodded and followed the man over to the window.

Having noticed the music had stopped, Mickey said "Here Joey stick

- another tape on!" Joey pursed his lip, ""hy is it always me ?" he asked.
"Because your always nearest!" Mickey answered, "Stop argueing, just do it!".
"Yes master!", with a deep servile bow, Joey backed off towards the back room.

"So when are you two getting married then ?". Dave gave him a funny look, "Warried what's that ?"
"Oh well, ask a stupid questimn!" Dave turned his attention to one of the catologues on the glass counter top. Then more seriously, he said, ""e'll be getting married soon, just I'd like to get a job and get the money for a decent wedding!"
The redundant speakers bursted back into life, with the sounds of an old Ken Boothe record.

""ell you should hurry up and get a job" Instructed Mickey "I'm looking forward to being best man!".
"Oh yea, and who said your going to be best man ?" He asked looking up from the catologue.
"Let him be the maid of honour instead," Joey rejoined them, "He's an old maid anyway!"
"I'll remember that, when it comes to paying you !" Mickey warned.

Jamie was over the other side of the shop, and was having trouble understanding a German skinhead's broken English, Giving up he hollared across the shop, "Here Mickey sort this geezer out..I don't know what he's on about!"
"Excuse me, buisiness calls!" As Mickey went to attend to the needs of his continental customer, Dave decided to join Carol. As he dodged his way through, Carol was still posing for the photographer. The camera was an auto wind job, it clicked and whirl in rapid succession, capturing a minimum of four shots of the same pose.

As he snapped away, a skinhead leant across and held a crisp packet to the baby's face, jokingly he added, "Glue sniffer!". Joke or not Carol was fuming she lashed out, planting a solid punch on the surprised skinheads arm. ""e ain't no fucking gluey!" She snapped.
"It was only a joke!" he answered apoligetically, as he rubbed his arm.
"It weren't funny!" Agression burned in Carol's eyes, Dave just treated it as one big joke, he was amused to see her get so worked up, ""hat's right girl you tell him!"

The Photographer saw an opportunity to get a snap of the mother and father together, "Let's have one of mum and dad". In the heat of

-esent Carol had forgotten about the photographer. "here you won't use that last one will you ?". The man shook his head to say no. Dave was reluctant to join her at first, but Carol wasn't going to let him off that easily, "Come on Dave-", she turned to the skin-head who had made the crack about glue-sniffing, "Shift!". "Please ?", he answered her back. Carol held up a clench fist, "you'll get a bunch of fives if you don't!".

The skinhead laughed, and made room for Dave to join them. "Come on!" Carol patted the space beside her, Dave is still unsure untill Carol growls, "Get here!" Like a puppy told off he sheepishly joins her. "Sit" Carol demanded. Dave smirked not to impressed, "I always said you treat me worse than a dog!"

"Stop complaining and bloody smile!".
"Yes smile..And...." The camera whirl and the shutters worked like the clappers, "Perfect!". Dave relaxed his pose, he hated having his photo taken he was always to self-concious of posing, and he felt really daft doing it. ""asn't that bad was it ?" Carol talked like a mother who had taken her child for his first jab or dental appointment. Dave didn't say nothing, he just responded with a peck placed on her lips.

Sham entered the shop for the first time, he had been talking to Dagenham Dave since arriving. "here Dave we're going down the Alice, you coming ?".

"yea!" Dave called back.
"you'll have to wait a minute" Carol told him.
""hat for ?"
She pointed to the photographer, " I'm gonna give him my name and adress so he can send me some of the prints!".

""ell hurry up then!" Dave was itching to get a pint of lager infront of him.
""ell put him in the buggy while I get a pen!" She held Darren out to him. Dave settled him into the buggy, while Carol borrowed a pen from the counter.
Dave was talking to Darren as he put him in, "That's right you be a good boy and daddy will get you a nice pint of snake-bite!"

"No you won't!" Carol snapped, glaring at him.
"Christ your touchy today ... I was only joking!" He didn't appriciate her tone.

Carol regretted, acting that way and injected humour into

her next words, "Yea but I don't want him sniffing-glue, drinking snake-bite or sleeping with women, not till he's eighteen anyway!" "What's that years or months". She grinned-
"Come on" she said wheeling the buggy round to face the door.
Dave followed Carol, calling out behind him, "See ya Mickey!"
Mickey looked up from the pair of sta-prest he was holding against the german skinhead, to check for size, "Yea see you again..soon!"

Joey called out a farwell as well. Sham and Ryan were waiting for them outside the shop, ""here's Mich ?" Carol couldn't see her any -where. "She's gone to see her fella!" Ryan explained.
"Oh I see!". Sham looked at his watch and tutted, "The beers get ting warm!"
"Let's go then!" Dave was all for getting into the confines of the alice. Sham gave a slight wave to the blokes he had been talking to, and all four of them set off in the direction of the boozer.

TUESDAY MORNING:

The morning sun penertrates the thin curtains of carol's bedroom, bathing the room with a bright orange glow. She is curled up in bed, hidden from view by the heap of blankets that are pulled over her head. Baby Darren lies in the cot next to her single bed, although asleep he is restless, an indication that he is nearly ready to wake-up and demand a feed.

A voice calls from down-stairs, "Carol", it is her mother, and from the sound of her voice she isn't to pleased about something. Although Darren reacts to voice by stirring, it goes totally unheard by Carol. "Carol", she shouts standing on the bottom two steps, she is anxious alright. "hen there still isn't any answer, she fair screams up the stairs, "CAROL!".

Her scream set Darren off, he was fully awake, and very aware of the empty feeling in his stomach. He starts crying, the only way he knows to demand his breakfast.

Carol struggled free of the blankets, waking up she was dis-orint-tated, and confused. A wide yawn left her mouth as she worked to focus her eyes and brain on the outside world. Her mother entered the room an angry look on her face, "Carol-", seeing that her daughter is up, ""hat's this my girl ?" she holds up a copy of the daily paper. "what you bleedin' on about ?" Carol asked with another yawn, cor don't half feel tired, she thought. And the yawn had left her feeling a bit light headed, and having to re-focus her eyes. "You know very well what I'm on about!" Her mother answered sternly. She taps the front page and read from the text, " it says here, Skinhead baby sniffs glue, see centre pages...And whoose photo do you suppose is on the centre page ?". That was it, the shock of fear went through her, waking her up better than a bucket of icey water, "Give it here!" She demanded holding out her hand, as she sat up in bed. Her mother passed it over, carol nearly tore the paper in her hurry to open the middle pages. "hat the ? Sure enough her and Darren were there as clear as day, the arm and empty crisp packet held to his face. "The fucking lying barstards!"
"Carol!" Her mother was shocked at the language, Carol always minded her 'P's' and 'Q's' at home. But this had caught her off guard.

"That's what they are though!" Carol made no attempt to apolig ies for her slip, she was fuming mad, and the words she had spoken were not as strong as the words that were going thrcugh her head.

LETTERS

We got a letter from a Geordie skinbird, who wants penpals of the short-haired variety. She goes by the name of Alf, she is (18) and into the likes of The Burial, The Buisiness, Skrewdriver, The Oppressed and (dear to my own heart) Vicious Rumours.

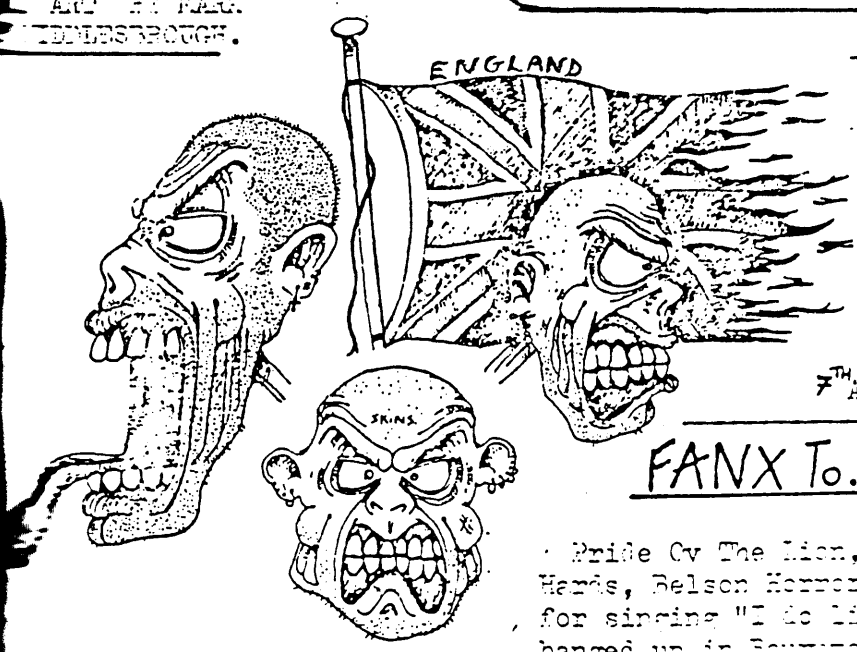
As well as that she has a like for the original music of the skinhead cult, the Trojan stuff and all other Ska and rock-steady!
Now here's the downer, she supports Newcastle utd, but still everyone's got faults! Anyway if you wanna write to her & send a photo her address is

9 Houghton
Cullercoats
North Shields
Tyne and wear
NE30 3NQ

And while we're on the subject of penpals we recieved a letter from Nick (see Nick's pick) and he asked us if we could included the adress for his Australian skinhead pen pal of course we can.
And here it is- Andrew Jarman
25 Casper Street
Fairview Park 5126
Adelade
South Australia

TROPHEAD No.2 Sold out, No.3 out soon. 6 Rectory drive, Clenchwarton, Kings Lynn, Norfolk. 40p & SAE.

ART BY MARK TEMPLESTOUGH.



UP AND COMING GIG DATE'S

INDECENT EXPOSURE....
26th July Ad Lib London
(with the Business)
Aug Bank Holiday I.O.W
31st R.A.C Suffolk
14th Sep. AD LIB
(with Section 5 + Public Enemy)

VICIOUS RUMOURS....
7TH Aug. Adam & Eves Leeds.

FANX To...

Indecent Exposure, Screwdriver, Pride Or The Lion, Section 5, Vicious Rumours, Die-Hards, Nelson Horrors, Brutal Attack (especially) Ken for singing "I do like to be beside the seaside", while banged up in Bournmouth and Bat for doing some typing for us.

To..Last Resort,

Beyond the),"Paul"(Truth At Last),"Sean"(Orchead ,"Dan"(Skinhead Arrival),"Chin" (Real World),"Vince & Jim"(Englands Glory),"Tony"(Skins ,"Bob"(English Rose),"HaN".

Dan & Shelia(Pembroke Arms), Heather & Nell for B.O.F skin grans, Rachel.F for photos, Ian of Bexley skins/renees, Woolwich skins renees, London and surrounding suberbs skins/ Derby U.S.A, skinheads all over the country world, everyone who wrote & knows us.

Cheers and all the best
PAUL & GRAHAM

THE LAST RESORT 01 247 4147
43 Goulston Street London E1

SKINHEAD WEDDING
3 Years ago
19th June 1982

=> 'S THE WINNER OF THE FUNNY HOLIGAN AWARD RUN IN No 3 BY TONY (SMUDGER) SMITH.

JIM CANNON

PALACE DRUNKS TIE UP KEEPER

By BEN BACON

DRUNKEN Crystal Palace fans sparked a riot in Calais when they amazingly stormed the pitch and tied the French keeper to a goal-post.

The startled referee promptly abandoned the game in the 85th minute as Palace were leading Calais 2-0 in a friendly on Saturday night.

When Kevin Mabbutt clashed in a goalmouth scramble, Palace fans raced on to the pitch and wrapped the home keeper in a Union Jack before stringing him up.

Palace captain Jim Cannon said last night: "Our fans were behaving like big kids even before the incident with Kevin. They were continually rushing on to the pitch and were obviously drunk."

"That as it may be!" Carol's mother started, "But there's no call for language like that!" Carol's eyes blazed- "Isn't there ?" She violently threw back the bad covers and grabbed her jeans off of the floor. "No there isn't!", her mother was assasperated, she just didn't know what was getting in to her daughter these days. As Carol struggled her levi's on she pointed out what was making her angry, ""ell how else am I suppose to feel when even me own muvver, believes what they fucking wrote ?".

"If your father was here-",her mother picked Darren from the cot as she spoke, "he would have something to say about the words you use!" Carol looked up from lacing her boots, ""ell he fucking ain't, and even if he was ten to one he wouldn't give a shit!.....If he did he wouldn't have run off with that American tart like that!" Her mother's face melted, and carol wished she had watched her words, for it still hurt her mother deeply to think of dad, and that American bitch- "Sorry mum!" She put her arm around her mother shoulders, "I didn't mean to upset you, it's just that if you believed that of your daughter-" she points to the paper strewn on the bed, "How many others will ?". Her mother raised her bowed head and biting her lower lip she spoke softly, "I can see your point!" Carol squeezed her shoulder affectionatly, "Truce ?"
Her mother nodded, "yea truce!" leaving Carol to finish getting dressed she heads for the door, taking Darren for some breakfast, For a moment she stopped in the doorway and looked back at Carol. "I suppose what upset me more than anything-" she mused, ""hat you said about your father is true!" Carol looks up, a look of sorrow is on her mum's face, "Never mind mum, we'll still got each other!" "Yea.." she opens the door, then looking back she asks, "Do you want a cup of tea ?". Carol nod, pleased to see her mother had recovered from the depression. As her mother left, she finished off getting dressed, then first checking her apperance in the mirror she went down stairs.

Darren was enjoying getting his breakfast everywhere, under the watchful eyes of Carol and her mum. They had sat in silence, both thinking about one thing or another. Draining the last drop of tea from her cup, Carol stood up, "here mum, will you have Darren while I sort out this buisiness with the newspaper people ?" Her mother nodded "ur-hur!". Carol made a move for the door, "Thanks, I won't be too long!", She went to the coat pegs at the end of the hall way, by the shoe rack, her mother had bought at a jumble sale. seeing the rack made her smile, it was bloody grotesque, but she had said it was nice so as not to hurt her mothers feelings, because she had treated it as the bargin of the centuary something to be proud of. "Carol ?" her mother called out, "Where are you gonna get the phone number from ?"
"It's on the back page!" Carol called out, thankful that her mum had reminded her to take the paper, as Tracy's family had the Sun instead. "Oh?" was all that her mother said after that. Taking her harrington from the peg, she ran up the stairs to get the paper. With that safely in her hand, she left the house to walk the few roads to Tracy's house.

REVENGE CONTINUES IN ISSUE 6 OF CHARGESHEET

DON'T MISS IT !!